

Arizona Republican Editorial Page

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SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1913.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.
—SHAKESPEARE.

We Are Naturally Gratiated

It is with gratification that The Republican learns that two important deals have resulted chiefly through the publicity given to promising properties in the mining department of this paper. Though the department was established comparatively recently, mining men and capitalists have already come to recognize the reliability of its estimates of the properties it describes. It is also recognized that not only are properties honestly described but that the estimates of them are as correct as it is possible for an estimate of a prospect or a not completely developed mine, to be.

The same publicity, if given these two properties in a journal whose praise is indiscriminate would not likely have attracted capital to them at all. The Republican is the more gratified that it has been the medium of putting these properties in the way of development. That is a far more valuable service to the state than to have been the medium through which the sale of a large and already developed mine might have been consummated. That would have contributed nothing to the development of the state's resources, the thing of which we stand chiefly in need.

That this is a great mining state, all men know, but they do not know how great. That it is a great stock raising and agricultural state is also well known. There has not been enough co-operation between these great industries. The agricultural sections have betrayed too little interest in the development of the mineralized section. It is the wish and the purpose of The Republican to bring them together in an understanding that the development of the one cannot fail to facilitate the development of the other.

It is Inevitable

In his set speech in the senate the other day, Mr. Bailey of Texas, stated that the next battle would be between democracy and progressivism. That that will be so has been quite apparent to everybody since November 5 of last year. To all thinking persons it was plain as long ago as August 5 last, that the ultimate fight between progress and conservatism would be between the progressive party and democracy, the representative of reaction, in the last ditch.

Such a battle is inevitable. It is within the power of the democrats to delay the engagement beyond 1916, but it is plain that they will not do it. It is already very evident that there will be very little progressive legislation by the next congress, and it cannot be charged that a failure by the congress to enact such legislation will be a violation of the democratic national platform, for it does not pledge the party to progressive legislation.

Parties seldom redeem convention pledges. They never, in any case, go beyond them. The democratic platform studiously ignored the right of the people to rule. Though Mr. Bryan is credited with having dictated the national platform, his well known views on the subject of popular rule are not set forth in that document, an omission to which W. R. Hearst in an analysis of the platform directed attention.

We have no doubt of the honesty of Mr. Bryan in his long struggle in behalf of popular legislation and we have equally no doubt that he would have preferred a party declaration in favor of it. He could not, however, by his insistence upon such a declaration afford to provoke a fight in the convention which would attract popular attention to a majority in the convention hostile to the rule of the people.

The fight which was avoided at Baltimore, will, as Senator Bailey says, be fought out before the nation between the democrats and the progressives; we mean, the fight will be fought between the democratic party and the progressive party with which progressive democrats as well as the progressives of all parties, will be found allied.

A Foolish Practice Prohibited

The Southern Pacific has adopted a very sensible rule effective the first of the year, prohibiting the throwing of rice at departing newly married couples, about its depot, grounds and trains. We suppose, of course, the rule also works for the protection of others less fortunate than young married people. While we are not informed, we trust that the throwing of old shoes and other missiles, is also interdicted.

Employees of the company are expected to enforce the anti-rice throwing rule on pain of losing their jobs.

The origin of the foolish practice of rice-throwing is lost in the mists of antiquity and we have often wondered that it has come down so far into

civilization. Sensible people long ago abandoned it. To be quite accurate, sensible people never engage in it.

It is not only a foolish but a very dangerous practice, concerning the perils of which the railroad company has been gathering statistics, showing that from one out of every five cases of rice-throwing some sort of an accident has resulted. Grains of rice have entered the ears or eyes of innocent bystanders, in no way implicated in the case of matrimony under punishment. Grains of rice, littering the steps and platforms of cars have been the cause of many a slip and fall, sometimes with most serious results.

Then there is the humiliation of the bride and groom whose new relation is thus so conspicuously advertised, though they naturally wish to conceal it from strangers, so sacred does it seem to them.

Yet, they are jeered at by passengers who have witnessed their mobbing and are pointed out to these witnesses to later passengers who enter the train for hundreds of miles along the journey.

History in Nomenclature

The Arizona Star demands the restoration of the name "Military Park" or "Military Plaza" to that tract of ground to which a misguided patriotic sentiment, some time ago, gave the name of "Washington Park." The Star would preserve as much of the history of Tucson as possible in nomenclature.

It was in the Military Plaza, the place where Lawton, Crook, Miles and many other officers who afterward grew into national fame, camped, and the trail which led to it from the town was for many years "Camp street." That, too, has been unhappily changed to something else. That also, the Star would like restored.

We believe, so far as possible, old names with historical significance should be retained. In our own case the names of our north and south streets were changed. They formerly bore Indian names, such as "Yuma," "Yavapai," "Apache," "Tonto," "Pinal," "Pima," "Papago," "Mohave," etc.

Those names possessed no significance; and, beside, by reason of the regularity of the streets there was an apparent advantage in designating the streets by numbers, calling those east of Center street "streets," and those west, "avenues."

History lost nothing by such a change, for there was never a reason why those Indian names should have been given to the thoroughfares. There was never any relation between Phoenix and those tribes whose names had been embalmied in other ways.

A Good Suggestion

The suggestion of the Arizona Democrat last night for the appointment of a civic improvement committee, we believe, is a good one; at any rate, it is worthy of consideration. Phoenix in its rapid growth, is facing many problems, the solution of which should be approached in a broad spirit.

It may be urged that a committee of one hundred as proposed by the Democrat, would be too large; unwieldy, but then it might be divided into sub-committees, each for the consideration of some special matter.

But anyhow, we believe this proposition will be generally approved. There is a general recognition of the fact that the affairs of the city can no longer be handled to the best public advantage by partisan administrations. A civic committee, whatever its size, would tend to make the conduct of our municipal business non-partisan.

Can a Worn Out Body Be Replaced?

(Burton J. Hendrick in McClure's.)
Animal cells, when treated chemically, are apparently immortal. But the human body is simply a universe of such cells. If each minute individual part of us is imperishable, does it necessarily follow that the aggregation can be artificially maintained in a condition of everlasting youth? Are the real waters of eternal life certain liquid substances, like Doctor Loe's salt solution for sea urchins and Doctor Carrel's laboratory solution for animal tissue, which, when artificially conveyed to the cells, will destroy the "metabolic products" that cause "old age" and "natural death"? Will human existence, like that of these animal cells on the cover glass, ultimately resolve itself into periods of youth and old age, and then youth and old age again, and so on indefinitely? Will human life resemble the tree whose leaves bloom in May and wither in November, only to put on new life again with the return of spring?

This is certainly an interesting idea to play with; theoretically, indeed, there seems no scientific reason why the miracle should not be realized. Certain practical difficulties, however, are already apparent. Doctor Carrel has discovered that certain proportions of distilled water in the "medium" rejuvenate certain tissue, such as the spleen, the heart and the liver of the embryo chick. He found, however, that the same proportions of distilled water that "activated" the spleen did not produce the same effect upon the heart and liver. Again, that certain proportions of salt stimulated skin tissues, while it had no effect upon other organs. These variations seemed to indicate that each kind of animal tissue had a particular kind of medium in which it would grow best. Let us take the human body for example. If Doctor Carrel's theory is correct, one medium would revivify the heart, another the liver, another the nervous system, another the skin, and so on. As the body contains an almost endless variety of cells, an almost endless variety of media would have to be injected. Even though other difficulties did not present themselves, as they unquestionably would, the human mind would soon get lost in the complexity of this problem.

It is not impossible, however, that the discovery may have certain practical applications. It is not unlikely that experimentation may discover the media in which certain human tissues—skin, bone, heart, nerves, liver and so on—grow most luxuriantly. Under these conditions degenerated organs may possibly be strengthened and perhaps made over. Nerves, for a particular case in point. There is an actual degeneration of nervous tissue in certain nervous diseases; if the optimum medium for nerve cells is discovered it is not impossible that the worn-out, harassed nerves of the American business man may be rejuvenated. In the healing of wounds this idea might likewise offer great relief. Surgeons are constantly having trouble over the slowness of healing, and an artificial method of stimulation, such as that suggested by these experiments, is one of the greatest desiderata of practical medicine.

LITTLE JAMES

(Concerning Multiplying Signs of the Approach of Hard Times.)

"It looks to me like," sez My Paw, "at we're on the verge of Hard Times which is shurely comin' with the Democrat Administrashun, just like I said it would. Things is 'tighenin' up a Hole Lot rite here in Fenix if they's anything in Sines."

"What Prenomishuns of a Stringency, so to speak, in finanche matters have you seen yit?" ast our naber, Perfesser Hobbs which is a Barber; "I been notisin' some myself," he adz.

"The Most Plainest Sine I seen yit," sez My Paw, "is the Inability of th' Ladies of Fenix, spechly th' younger wims to afford Hare Brushes. Comes an' Bibbins with which to keep their Hare Confined so's it hangs loose all over their Faves makin' 'em Bickers of Woe. My Hart Bleeds fer 'em an' if I was as well fixt as I'd like to be, I'd see at every Woman in Fenix had a Brush an' Come so's 'at she could keep her Hare out of her Eye."

"They's another thing I been notisin' 'at proves to me 'at Gint Poverty is Stockin' over th' land in advance of the Democrat Administrashun. You'll notis, Perfesser, any of these here chills Mornins' or Evnins' lots of Young Ladies which can't afford to buy Ear Muffs an' has to have their Hare Pasted down over their Ears to protect 'em from th' Riggers of Winter."

"Th' older Ladies seems to be prosperous enuff yit, but th' chill of what's called Pennyry seems to Choose fer its Victims th' Young and Beautiful."

"I don't know," sez Perfesser Hobbs, "how you come to Notis all these here Sines of Depreshun an' hard times, I'm a observant man myself but I ain't seen no woman's Hare or Face all Winter. Th' best I been able to do was to git a Glimst of their Chins which, if its a vary Long Wun, sometime Per-troods below the Hat brims. I s'pose you aint told your wife yit about these here Fourrunners of th' Pannick which you been Skeeered at."

"No," replize My Paw, "I didn't think it was best to Prematorily alarm her fer fear 'at she would misconstrue my motifs in lookin' fer Sines of Hard Times. By th' way, Perfesser, you sed awhile back in this here Discusshun 'at you'd notised some Sines, too. What was they?"

"Wiskers," replize th' Perfesser, they's puttin' th' Barberians Bizness on th' Bum."

GETS LONDON TIMES FREE

(Washington Herald)
To the National Press club of Washington belongs the distinction of being the first organization or individual to receive a complimentary subscription to the London Times. The fact that during the 129 years of the existence of the London Times there has never been such a courtesy extended before was disclosed in a letter written by Lord Northcliffe, editor and publisher of the paper, to the National Press club. Lord Northcliffe, in his letter, stated that he thought the club a worthy exception to the rule and that the paper would be sent beginning January 1, 1913.

TACT IS INHERITED

(Denver Republican)
Tact is one of the few things in the world that cannot be acquired. One must be born with it. As an example, just consider the little Earl, the girl, who wrote to Andrew Carnegie that he looked just like Santa Claus.

Memory Schools

By WALT MASON

A blessing on those modern schools in which we mortals find a way, by simple rules, to keep our facts in mind. The man who cannot recollect his front side from his rear, may get his latitude correct by taking lessons here. His mind becomes a filing case in which he stores away the helpful facts, each in its place, for use some future day. And men who once were failures rank have learned to take the seeds; they're president of trust and bank—according to the ads. Schools do a noble work, indeed, we're deeply in their debt, and now school we greatly need to teach us to forget. We poison all our pleasures here; we keep old woes in mind, and nurse stale grudges by the year, which should be left behind. We worry over divers stakes we vainly tried to win; we brood upon our ancient breaks when we should blithely grin. This little life is speeding faster than the case man gaily humps, and lets the spectres of his past go hanging or bulging the bumps. O'er vanished things, like dreary fools, we fuss and fume and fret; and so I say we need some schools to teach us to forget.

Why Who's Who

By HOWARD L. RANN

In all the bright galaxy of battle-scarred veterans who picked up a few additional scars in the campaign and will go home soon to apply amica and think it over, no name shines out more resplendent than that of Senator Murray W. Crane of Massachusetts. True, the senator was not defeated for re-election, but he could see it coming on a dog trot and decided to retire before it became necessary to put up the jiffy curtains. Senator Crane is a noiseless, ball-bearing public servant who can walk over a Wilton velvet rug without disarranging the nap. His methods are not showy, and when he has a heavy load of important business to carry, he is a steady, unflinching, and says it in a caressing pianissimo. After the retirement of Senator Aldrich he bossed the senate with white kid gloves and rubber heels, and would probably be bossing it yet were it not for the revolutionary instincts of one T. Roosevelt, who drew several word pictures of the senator which portrayed him as a mild-mannered, bald-headed brigand.

Senator Crane is a wealthy man and pays his house rent promptly on the first of the month. He made his money by manufacturing paper and selling it to the United States government at a profit as modest as the senator himself. Mr. Crane has no expensive tastes, and frequently is detected in wearing the same necktie two days in succession. He wears a high arched forehead, which is not inconvenienced by plumage, and, unlike his distinguished colleague, Henry Cabot Lodge, he has every appearance of being intellectual without being obliged to prove it. Massachusetts will miss Murray W., as he has lined the state with federal buildings, navy yards, and other profitable enterprises. Despite his activity, however, somebody was always ready to rise up and heave a codfish ball in his direction or attack him with anonymous letters. No wonder he decided to cash in before the draw.

The Newspaper Job

The following letter written by Charles H. Grasty, editor of the Baltimore Sun, to James M. Thomson, proprietor of the New Orleans Item, gives the attitude of a brilliant newspaper editor toward the suggestion that he accept political office.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 9.

My dear Mr. Thomson:
Your letter of November 6 is at hand. I thank you heartily. It is pleasing to think that a man whose newspaper friendship dates back nearly twenty years to your student days in the Johns Hopkins university—and who has done me the honor to set me up in his own newspaper shop as something of an exemplar, should give me this latest testimony of his regard.

I have had the like suggestions from various quarters. If you will permit me I will make your kind letter the text for some remarks on the reasons upon which all newspaper advocacy should rest and upon the pride, rewards and duties of editorship.

I do not think there is any office that you, or I, or any other earnest and intelligent editor can afford to accept.

This is particularly and pre-eminently true in a case where an editor has been useful to a cause and his acceptance of an office would put him and his paper in the position of making a sort of swap of his support in return for office.

But aside from that consideration, office means nothing to me. There is one thing in Maryland better worth doing than any other thing. That thing is the plotting of Maryland's greatest newspaper—the Sun.

So much for that phase of the matter. Now as to my reasons for supporting Wilson. If I sought any share in the distribution of patronage as such, or for any other reason than to promote the well being of the Wilson administration by promoting the interests of the public service, I would be committing an act of disingenuousness.

The Sun began its support of Woodrow Wilson in March, 1910. It gave this support in the most efficient way it knew how up to the time of his nomination and election. But none of this did we do for Woodrow Wilson the man, or Woodrow Wilson the friend. We thought that Mr. Wilson would be the best nominee to elect and the best president after he was elected. Mr. Wilson is, therefore, under no obligation whatever to the Sun or to me. Our purpose was an entirely selfish one, I confess. The only reward for a newspaper that is substantial and enduring is public confidence. To say that the big item on the credit side of our balance sheet is good will is but to state a truism. Public confidence is to be gained by rendering public service, not otherwise.

We have already had every reward to which we are entitled up to date for our support of Mr. Wilson. He won the nomination brilliantly and splendidly. He came out of that fight without a spot on his armor. He made a magnificent campaign. His victory was a glorious one. The Sun shares in the public confidence that he has thus earned.

We look for a still bigger reward that will further increase the public good, will toward the Sun. That reward will come from President Wilson's giving the whole people a fine administration.

I am simply stating what you well know, for we have talked it all over time and again. You and I enjoy the privilege of doing a work in which the less we bother about direct, personal and material results, the greater will be the real rewards. Our usefulness will grow by leaps and bounds. Our readers will flock to our papers, and we will seek our advertising columns in order to have a share in and put to commercial use the confidence inspired by dealing squarely with the public.

And so in the court of public opinion we shall seek our ambassadorships, you and I! President Wilson can get plenty of men who could perform the duties of ambassadorships well enough, but I don't know where New Orleans could look for another Thomson to lead the great fights in the Item for civic righteousness. But I thank you with all my heart for a suggestion which has proceeded from an old personal good will very dear to me.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES H. GRASTY.

COULDN'T SELL "JACK ROSES"

(Chicago Record Herald)
The murder of Herman Rosenthal has affected the business of florists in Brooklyn. The Jack rose, a popular blossom, has been left on the hands of the Brooklyn florists, just because it bears the same name as the informant in the famous trials.

No longer does a girl like to go into a florist shop and ask for a dozen Jack roses. But the florists, knowing that the horticulturists have not ceased to cultivate Jack roses despite the notoriety of "Bald Jack" Rose, have decided that there should be a change in the name of the blossom. The rose, therefore, is known as the New York rose, and despite the fact that people may know that it is the same flower they don't mind asking for a dozen New York roses.

That is not all the harm that "Bald Jack" Rose did to business. There was a serious slump in cocktails which were known as Jack Roses. A Jack Rose is a cocktail which was guaranteed to cultivate a keen edge on one's appetite. However, like the florists, the bartenders decided that perhaps under another name the Jack Rose cocktail might again become a good seller.

Accordingly they now call it a "royal smile."

HEAD OF A CITY DEPARTMENT AT 21

(Boston Post)
The honor of becoming the youngest head of an important municipal department in this state, if not in the entire country, falls upon Oswald J. McCourt, who was appointed recently overseer of the poor in Newton. Mr. McCourt has just passed his twenty-first birthday.

FINANCIAL GOSSIP

Said one man on the street, speaking to a friend, "Well, money talks."
"Maybe it does," answered the other; "but all it ever said to me was 'Good-bye!'" —Pittsfield.

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Sage Advice From Henry Clay

(A. G. Rowe in the Century Magazine)
Little Grandmother had suddenly become a heroine in the family, for the news had reached the ears of some of the younger members that she had met and talked with the great senator, Henry Clay, so often a candidate for the presidency, whose fame was still green in our part of the country. She had known him in Washington, and had been a member of the church which he had attended. It had been hinted to us that she had something of great interest, not to say importance, to relate of him. But to all requests, which really became importunities, she long returned only deprecating replies, which of course merely whetted our appetites for her reminiscences. Had he confided to her the inside history of some great political event? we wondered. Had he spoken of his great disappointment in his political ambitions? Had he revealed the secret of his oratorical power? It was in vain that Little Grandmother assured us that it was none of these. Her very reluctance made us sure of the importance of what he had said. At last, one day, in pursuance of a promise, which had been conditioned on our good behavior, she recounted the circumstances. The great senator, upon being presented to her, with the gallantry for which he was noted, made inquiry as to her health and then as to the number of her children; and learning that they were numerous, said with the air of a sage:

"Madam, may I venture to suggest to you a very important thing? When you wash your children's eyes, always wipe toward the nose."

KIPLING'S FAMOUS REPLY

(New York Evening Sun)

In the search for the most famous short letters of history the "Peccavi" of Sir Charles Napier overtops a letter credited to Kipling. "Peccavi," the Latin word meaning "I have sinned," it may perhaps be remembered, was the laconic but expressive message sent back to England by Sir Charles on the occasion of his having subdued a mutinous province of India by the name of Sind.

But speaking of Kipling, some reader saw in a newspaper that this author received for his output a shilling a word, inclosing a coin he sent a letter to the novelist requesting a shilling's worth of Kipling. To this Mr. Kipling wrote back, "Thanks."

Harvard students pay \$2,000 more for drinks and \$27,000 more for tobacco annually than they pay for books. Is the proportion greater or less than that for the general run of citizens?—New York World.

Liberality

The constant and consistent attention to the interests of its customers,
both small and large, has won respect and confidence for

The Phoenix National Bank

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